

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.  
Every Boy in the Province  
CAN EARN IT EASILY AND QUICKLY.  
READ THE ARTICLE ON PAGE 6.

# PROGRESS.

MONEY AND EXPERIENCE  
Will be gained and nothing lost by the boys  
who enter  
"PROGRESS" PRIZE COMPETITION.  
Read the article on 6th page.

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PRICE THREE CENTS

## THEY ALL TAKE A DRINK

AND SURROUND THEIR LANGUAGE  
WITH FLOWERY RHETORIC.

It Cannot Apply to All—The Exceptions  
Have Forced Themselves into Prominence—The Hardly Used Railway Men—  
Amusing Incidents.

I have already made the remark that Moncton is in some respects a remarkable place. Amongst its other striking features the one that impresses a stranger most is the surprising amount of liquid refreshment required to keep up the physical tone of the place. "Everybody plays ball," has, I think, become a national byword; but, should the thriving town on the banks of the limpid Petitcodiac ever be surrounded by a wall, there should certainly be engraved over the chief gateway the words, "Everybody takes a drink!" It would be such a convenience for strangers, for then would the bibulously inclined be able to tell, at a single glance, that they had found the Utopia of their dreams, and that for them the wilderness contained a Zoa.

Next among our little peculiarities the stranger will notice, if he is of an observing turn of mind, that the average Monctonian surrounds his speech with a great many flowers of rhetoric, in the way of strong expressions. In fact, the rising generation have attained such an extraordinary proficiency in this direction that a Texan cowboy would blush with shame in their presence and acknowledge himself beaten on his own ground. To illustrate: Not very long ago I was returning, in company with a friend, from making an evening call. It was only 9 o'clock, but the side streets were very quiet, and suddenly on the balmy air was borne the sound of some one talking, and very evidently engaged in conversation with themselves, and in another moment, an independent citizen came in sight, who had evidently been celebrating some anniversary. He had wisely taken the centre of the street, and it was none too wide for him. My friend and I were perfectly willing that he should have it all. So we passed hurriedly and silently by. Just as we came up to him, he stopped, steadied himself as well as he could, and in tones of bitterest reproach he ejaculated, "Ye're both of ye drunk! ye're both of ye, — drunk!"

The true born Monctonian is also of an easy going turn of mind, not to say lazy, he is decidedly averse to all exertion which is not actually necessary, and he has no idea of overheating himself if he can get anyone else to work for him. I saw a rather striking example of this comfortable trait of character one hot morning last week. I was coming down the post office steps, when I noticed a number of men and boys running down the street in hot pursuit of a horse with covered buggy attached which was rapidly disappearing round the corner. In the middle of the flight of steps stood a stoutly built individual with both hands thrust deeply into his pockets, and I reached the scene of action just in time to hear him remark: "Mine is it? Well, it can just go right straight to the d—!" But it didn't all the same. I waited further developments, and so did the stout gentleman. And when an excited and perspiring crowd brought the runaway back, its owner climbed leisurely into his seat, gathered up the reins, and with a cool "Thank ye, I'm obliged," drove serenely away and left the crowd to disperse at its own convenience.

I generally take my evening stroll in some of the quiet, suburban streets of this seething metropolis—they are better suited to my modest taste than the busier haunts of men, and, as Charles Dickens would say, "I see many things." Last week I was taking a short cut, through a cross street, at the upper end of the town, when my attention was attracted by a large man who was throwing stones with the *verve* and *abandon* of a boy of ten. Curious to see what his target was, I slackened my pace and watched him. The target at which he aimed was a very wretched looking cat, which did not seem to have the requisite strength to run away, or else it was too frightened. So it took sanctuary behind a neighboring water barrel, and this specimen of "God's noblest work" pelted it with stones as large as his own hands, which were not small. He was a very much bigger man than I; in fact all his better nature seemed to have turned into adipose tissue; so I restrained my feelings and did not knock him down. But I watched the one-sided conflict, noticing that his temper had affected his aim, and when the cat made a successful dash for freedom I went my way, thinking that I had yet to see the cat who looked as small as that man did. I found out afterwards that he was the superintendent of a Sunday school. I had always heard that the superintendent of a Sunday school was capable of anything, but "to every deep there is a lower depth."

By the way—I understand on excellent authority, that the gifted chief "dreamed a dream" last Saturday night like Rienzi, only he thought he was Lucretia Borgia, instead of a tribune of Rome. Selah!

Smokers will not fail to try the "National" Havana Cigars, and Virginia Tobaccos. The best in town.

## TO ROOM ST. STEPHEN.

An Illustrated Edition of "Progress" to be  
Published About the Town.

No town in the province is advancing with greater strides than St. Stephen. It is called the live town of New Brunswick, and there is good reason for it. Every one is working for St. Stephen, and it is booming. So huge a fact is this that several well known merchants and manufacturers there asked PROGRESS, not long ago, to give them an illustrated edition such as Frederickton was delighted with last fall, and St. John was happy over in December.

Up to this time the necessary arrangements could not be made to publish as complete an illustrated edition of the border city as PROGRESS wished. Nothing is done by halves in this paper. Work must be done well or not at all. It was with this idea that the Frederickton and St. John editions were undertaken, and it is not boasting to say that the citizens of both places were more than satisfied with the splendid advertisement of the towns and themselves.

The right man has been found at last, and will lose no time in getting at work. Mr. M. McDade, so well known in newspaper circles, is, at the request of PROGRESS, going to do some work during his vacation absence from Frederickton. He will undertake to furnish PROGRESS with splendid illustrations of St. Stephen, accompanied by interesting and comprehensive letter press descriptive of the city, — its progress, its merchants, and business houses. Mr. McDade can do the work well, PROGRESS knows, and St. Stephen people will see something to be pleased with in a few weeks.

To be more particular, the boom edition will be about sixteen pages, and will contain many illustrations of the city, its streets and public buildings, handsome private dwelling houses and business places. The same engraving firm is still doing PROGRESS' work and it can be relied upon to give the best that can be had.

New features of the edition will be announced every week and any information about it will be gladly furnished by Mr. McDade, who will be in St. Stephen, Monday, or by the publisher.

## WHO WILL BE THE CANDIDATE?

A Meeting of the Gentlemen Who Supported Ex-Mayor Barker.

There was a good deal of talk yesterday morning about the mayoralty. Candidates were as thick as flies in berry time and everyone's friends were advancing his claims. The carnival has taken a back seat for a few hours, and who will fight for the chair is now the question. It was to be decided last night, when the men who stood by and elected Ex-Mayor Barker were to hold an informal meeting and select some gentleman who would not forget the fight and victory of his predecessor and that he left a wife and family in the city.

Among those gentlemen were Mr. George McAvity, Mr. S. S. Deforest, who acted as Mr. Barker's chairman in the late contest, Mr. George Blake, who worked with heart and soul for him, Mr. Carleton Clinch, his intimate friend and supporter, Hon. D. McLellan, another staunch friend, and many others whose names are well known.

But if those gentlemen put up a candidate he is going to make the fight very interesting. If they should happen to select PROGRESS' choice, Mr. A. O. Skinner, there would be no need of speculating about the result. Dr. F. E. Barker was spoken of, and at the time PROGRESS went to press his name was heard quite frequently. The public will not be long in doubt as to the candidate, however.

## "Out of the Hurly-Burly."

The David Weston carried the Orangemen to Gagetown, yesterday, in spite of the threatening rain. The crowd was large and the picnic was a merry one. The Weston has been greatly improved this year in every way, and cannot fail to give every satisfaction. She has been painted from stem to stern, and runs with her old-time swiftness. It is hoped that tourist and other patronage will be such that the Union line will find it profitable to run the boats between St. John and the capital for this and every succeeding summer.

## Charlie Skinner's Serious Illness.

Mr. Charles Skinner's numerous friends in this city and Fredericton will regret to learn that his very serious illness, noted in PROGRESS' Moncton correspondence, continues. Late Thursday night his symptoms were such that his father, Mr. C. N. Skinner, M. P., and Dr. John Berryman were telegraphed for. At that time his pulse was 108 and his temperature 103 degrees. But he has a fine constitution and has always enjoyed the best of health, which should help him recover at the present time.

## Something for the Ladies.

Great bargains at the American millinery store, 149 Union street. As Mrs. Carroll spends the latter part of the summer in New York, she offers her entire stock of trimmed hats and bonnets below cost. Ladies who come to the carnival would do well to give her a call.—Advt.

Latest and most accurate foreign and local base ball news at the "National," the ball tosser's retreat

## DOWNRIGHT MEANNESS.

THAT IS WHAT HIS HONOR, MR. JUSTICE WETMORE,

Thinks of the Municipality of Queen's—He Has Hard Work to Get a Bottle of Ink—Not Economy, but Downright, Disgraceful Meanness.

Queen's county is an economical community. So his honor Mr. Justice Wetmore thinks, and lost no opportunity of declaring at the recent session of the circuit court.

The court house itself is a sight to behold. It is many a long year since it has been desecrated with paint within or without. The only decorations applied in recent years have been by the swallows that nest above and the rats that burrow below. The wind whistles through the cracks in the crazy old edifice, and the rain pours through the roof. Over the floor of the temple of justice itself lies a covering of dirty sawdust an inch or so in depth, deposited many years ago. It is now redolent with tobacco juice and the fine, rich, alluvial soil for which Gagetown is famous. There are not enough seats in the courtroom for the lawyers; most of the grand jury have to stand up, and the remainder recline on a couple of rough spruce boards; there is no desk for the reporter and when the reporter is given the chair belonging to the crier, the latter has to sit down on the platform. The petit jury has only the cheapest and stiffest chairs to sit in during the long, weary hours. There was just one small bottle of ink, costing three cents, supplied at the last session of the court, and neither pens nor paper. "You may call this economy, gentlemen," said the judge to the grand jury, "and no doubt when the next election comes around the gentlemen at the council board will appeal to your suffrages on the ground of the rigid economy they have practised, but I call it nothing else than downright, disgraceful meanness."

The courtroom is about half the proper size. The paint on the walls has long since been removed by the broad shoulders of the sturdy yeomanry who have leaned against them. There is a hole in the ceiling through which last week when the court opened, hung the legs of one of the spectators. A rusty old stovepipe minus several of the connecting joints, hangs in a threatening manner over the heads of the lawyers. There are none of the accommodations of ordinary decency about the ancient edifice at all.

"You have a charming climate here in Gagetown, gentlemen, and a fine balmy breeze," said the judge, "and the best of it is it don't cost you anything. If it wouldn't be too much expense to the county, Mr. Sheriff, I'd like to have a pitcher of water brought in."

And all the municipal arrangements of the county seem to be managed in just about the same stingy fashion. When an inquest was held, the other day, on the body of Mary Ann Godfrey, who was supposed to have met her death at the hands of her sister, the coroner was afraid to authorize one of the medical gentlemen present to hold a post mortem. How the woman met her death will, therefore never be known. The county saved \$8.

"Mr. Sheriff?" said the judge.  
"Yes, sir."  
"One moment, if you please."  
"Yes, sir."

"If the county would not be seriously embarrassed, I'd like to have a bottle of ink."

I wonder if the jury that found the poor crazy woman, Godfrey, guilty of manslaughter, the other day, at Gagetown, did so in order to save the county the expense of assisting hereafter towards her support? It was a Sunbury county jury of a former generation that cleared a man charged with murder in order to avoid the expense of hanging him. I think Queens would be equal to the emergency should a similar financial crisis arise. RASTUS.

## Inspector Rawlings and His Men.

Inspector Weatherhead's division had a little surprise party Monday afternoon. They were in the guard room when the Northern division of twelve men marched in, headed by Inspector Rawlings. The North end men didn't scramble for a seat or perch on the heaters, but went through a series of manoeuvres, while Inspector Rawlings gave orders in a tone that struck terror to the hearts of all. This was something unheard of in the history of the old police force, and the men haven't got over it yet. The chief didn't seem to like the exhibition of discipline shown by the Portland men, and instantly took command of the entire body when forming on the street.

## Recalling Forgotten Days.

A former St. John man returned to town a few days ago and looked up many old acquaintances during his visit. He found one of them in the Royal when a companion introduced him to Mr. William Patton. "What! Bill Patton, my old friend! No need to introduce me. Why, man, Bill and I used to go to Sunday school together!"

Don't read Hunter, Hamilton & McKay's Advertisement, first column, last page.

## THE I. C. R.'S ENGINEER.

A Pen Portrait of the Popular Official,  
Mr. Archibald.

It is rather hard to determine the exact order of precedence among the mighty ones of the I. C. R. But I think I shall be tolerably correct in saying that next to the chief comes Mr. Archibald, chief engineer of the Intercolonial.

Shakespeare said that brevity was the soul of wit, so it I wished to be merely witty I would simply say that Mr. Archibald was the direct opposite of Mr. Pottinger, in every respect, and then lay down my pen secure of fame. But that would scarcely be doing justice to the subject of this sketch, who has a very distinct individuality of his own.

Mr. Archibald, or "P. S.," as he is called with a sort of affectionate familiarity by "the boys" who comprise his staff, is a man of singularly quiet and unassuming manners, and yet, in his very quietude, he is one of the best known men in Moncton. At every public entertainment, or social gathering, Mr. Archibald is a familiar figure, always with the same air of quiet reserve, never talking very much, and seldom laughing, but interested in everything that goes on, and above all things keenly observant. Few men on the road are more thought of by their staff, with, perhaps, the exception of Mr. Cooke, of whom more hereafter. He has a wonderful reputation for "squareness" amongst them; and no one dreads asking a favor of him. If it lies in his power to grant it, and he sees his way clear to doing so, he says "yes" with cheerful alacrity; if it is not possible, he refuses courteously, regretfully, but firmly, and nobody feels any the worse. He is as well known down town as Mr. C. P. Harris, and that is saying a great deal, and the big, tawny deerhound, almost his constant companion, is as well known as either. I don't think the worst boy in the town would attempt to harm "Buff," and it would be quite as well for that boy that he shouldn't, for, like Mr. Sands' bull dog, "Buff" is thoroughly well able to take his own part. All the morning, and most of the afternoon, "Buff" and his small satellite, "Doggie," are Mrs. Archibald's devoted henchmen, but with the blowing of the 5 o'clock whistle their attendance ceases, and should Mr. Archibald be at home, their time, after five, is exclusively his, for that is the hour at which he usually takes a stroll down town, often accompanied by his little daughter Beulah, with whom he seems immensely popular.

Perhaps his general popularity among the townspeople at large may be partly due to the fact that he is the happy possessor of a charming wife; whereas poor Mr. Pottinger is still a lonely bachelor, with no loving soul to see that the turnips are free from lumps, and that he does not decorate the parlor mantelpiece with his boots.

Personally, Mr. Archibald is very prepossessing, though he might not be generally called handsome and is quite as great a favorite among the fair sex as Mrs. Archibald would care to see him. He is like most of his colleagues, tall and well-built, with a florid complexion, bright, keen, blue eyes, and as undeniably red a beard as King Olaf himself. Such is the chief engineer of this mighty road, and I fear that my hasty sketch has hardly done him justice. GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

## Large Classes in Halifax.

Advices from Halifax tell PROGRESS how the Berlitz school is progressing. The classes are forming rapidly and in a short time the professors hope to see a much larger attendance than they ever anticipated. The methods have taken the Haligonian young ladies and gentlemen by storm, and they are bound to learn French. The language is of greater advantage to them in what is more an English than a Canadian port. Meanwhile the remainder of the staff are busy in the province in nearly every town. The Sun says that Chief Justice Ritchie and family are adding to the pleasures of rural life at Quispansis the pleasure of lessons in French by the Berlitz method. A class of fifteen has also been formed at Rothesay and will begin the course on Saturday.

## Douglas Sladen Coming.

Douglas Sladen, the Australian poet, will arrive in St. John the first of the week, from Windsor, N. S., where he has been enjoying the society of such kindred spirits as Prof. Roberts and his sister, Elizabeth G. Roberts, and Bliss Carman. Mr. Sladen will spend a few hours in St. John en route to Fredericton, from whence he will go to Quebec. His reception in this country has been warm. American and Canadian literary people have been delighted to meet and show the talented Australian much attention. Mrs. Sladen accompanies him.

## There Will be Handicaps.

In the running races to be held at Moosepath park during carnival week, the pony flat race and the hurdle race will both be handicap races, the handicaps to be announced on the 23rd inst.

## WE HAVE HIS MEMORY.

THE SUDDEN TURN IN MR. BARKER'S ILLNESS

And His Death—"Progress" Gives a Good Portrait of the Late Mayor For His Numerous Friends—A Generous and Popular Man at Rest.

It must have seemed strange to PROGRESS readers last Saturday morning to read of Mr. George A. Barker's rapid recovery, and to learn on the street that he was dead. If it had been known that PROGRESS printed every Friday, at noon, and at that time last week, the mayor and his friends were anticipating an outing should the next day be fine, the article would not have appeared so much out of place.

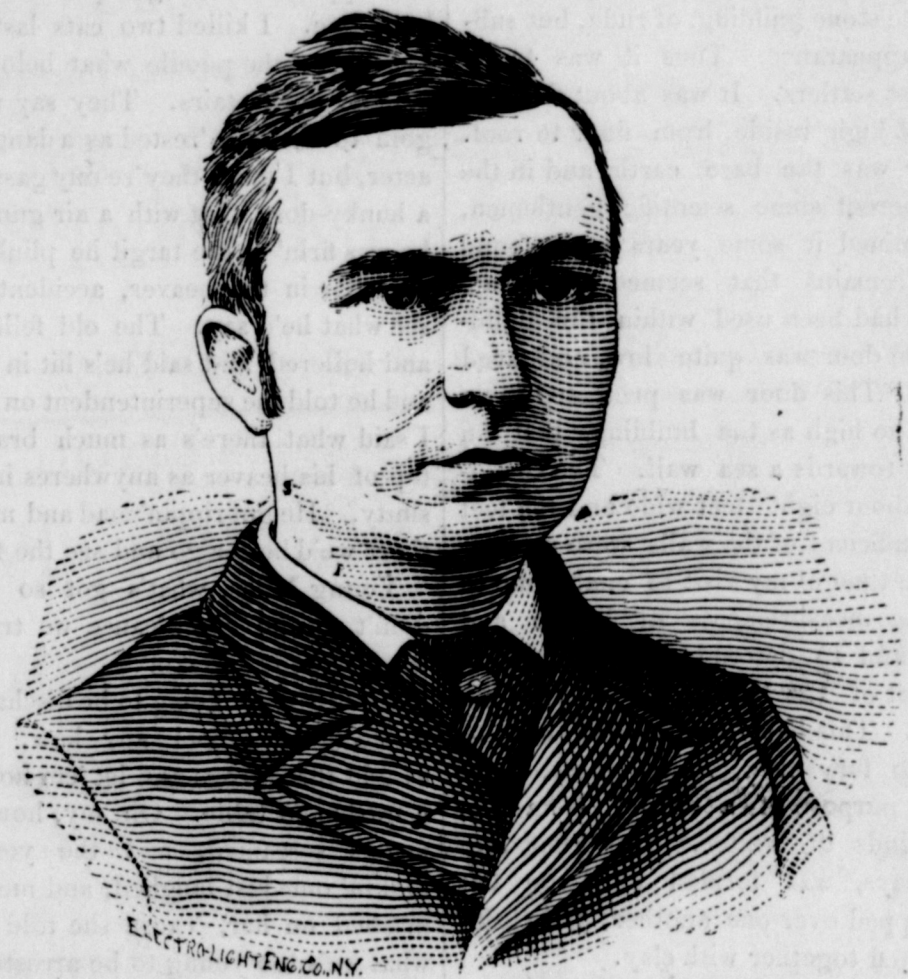
The friend of Mayor Barker (then) was as glad to give PROGRESS the account of his fight with his grim enemy and his victory up to that hour as the writer was to print it. There was no thought in the minds of the people, or his relatives or his physicians, that at midnight Friday, a bursted blood vessel would hurry him into unconsciousness and death.

But it was so, and when citizens arose Saturday the flags at half-mast told the

story. The mayor was dead. The bright, cheerful spirit who had fought and won his position, who had triumphed over opposition and ill-health, who had surprised his opponents and delighted his friends by an unexpected exhibition of ability in his inaugural, went from that meeting to his bed, battled with a new enemy in the form of congestion, conquered it, only to be crushed in his hour of triumph by a new and fatal attack from another quarter.

This is, in brief, the story of the past few weeks. George Barker had no enemies and, after his election, no opponents. He was frank and just, generous and willing, too ready, for his own good, to assist the unfortunate, impulsive to the verge of recklessness. The portrait PROGRESS presents of him today is from a late and good photograph, and thousands of his friends will be glad to get and preserve it.

His funeral took place Monday, and thousands of people followed their late mayor to his last resting place. The floral tributes, too beautiful for description, came from his friends far and near. The funeral was official and masonic. The memory of the late mayor will remain long with the people.



GEORGE A. BARKER, (Late Mayor of the City.)

## BOOM THE EXHIBITION.

Merchants Taking Hold of It, and Rushing It Forward.

If the carnival is booming so is the exhibition. Quietly but surely the preparations for the latter are going forward, and there is no doubt in the minds of the association that when the time arrives St. John will be ready to show the maritime provinces and, indeed, all Canada, what can be done in this flourishing city in the way of an exhibition. The amount of stock taken already is so encouraging that no time will be lost in pushing the great show to the front.

The citizens are in the mood for it and are bound to make it so. Every merchant has an interest in the success of the exhibition, for it means much to the entire community. The association was to meet yesterday afternoon, after PROGRESS went to press, and the reports to be submitted were of a happy character.

A leading merchant put his shoulder to the wheel this week, and by personal solicitation secured a large amount of stock—not only secured it, but collected the first two calls of 20 per cent. each upon it. His work counted over \$3000. If there were more like him among those who have made up their minds that the exhibition will be a great benefit to them and the city, the association would be prosperous at once.

The carnival is for the visitors and for those provincialists who can afford to attend it. The farmer cannot do this. His hay and other crops will want all his attention, and the bone and sinew of the country will stay at home. They cannot afford pleasure in this month, but toward the end of September, or the first of October, the farmer and his wife and sons and daughters will find recreation and profit in coming to the exhibition. They will come to see and buy, and the advantage will not be one-sided.

The Agricultural society is bent on keeping up its end of the programme, and it is about settled that the produce and the horse and cattle exhibit will be on its own grounds at Moosepath. The suggestion that one coupon ticket admit the visitor to both places will no doubt be carried out. Only one difficulty remains; how will the people get out to Moosepath? If half hour excursion trains could be arranged for the solution would be at hand. Probably something of this kind will be done.

It is important at this time that the manufacturers of the province should get a chance to show what they can do. Their increase in number and product has been large of late years, and while exhibitions have been held every year in the upper

provinces, St. John has been content to go along in a quiet way. PROGRESS thinks a representative collection of provincial manufactures would surprise the people. Let us have it by all means and impress upon the merchants who have been used to going outside for their goods, that they are made and sold at home.

So everybody boom the exhibition for all it is worth. It would be a grand idea to advertise it in some way during the carnival—either by attractive posters or descriptive circulars, or both. Thousands of the latter could be carried broad cast by carnival visitors, and in this way one event would help the other. The city is on the up grade and the more push the citizens give it, the higher it will climb. The summit is a long way off and nobody is sorry, for to get there is to stop climbing.

## Here is Something New.

A wedding in which Toronto society is interested, although unfortunately at a distance, is about to take place at Murray Bay, P. Q. Mr. W. H. Blake, of Toronto, and Miss Law, of Montreal, will be married under circumstances absolutely novel and unconventional. The bride and bridegroom are to be dressed in tennis costumes, the ceremony, if I am not mistaken, is to take place in the open air, and, most surprising of all, the wedding trip is to be by canoe up the river Murray, the shores of which are uninhabited and almost unknown.—*Society Correspondence Toronto Saturday Night.*

## Go to the Berton House.

When people are rushing hither and thither for rooms and board, looking for what they fail to find, they should not forget the Berton House announcement in PROGRESS that Mrs. Chapman has good rooms and excellent board on Elliott row.

## From a Tinsmith to a Dentist.

P. W. Moriarity, formerly of this city, where he was known as a good tinsmith, went to Boston, attended a dental school, obtained his diploma and now has an office on Park square in the hub.

## FROM THE GRAND STAND.

The St. Stephens pounded the Shamrock again, and Sullivan struck out 21 men.

O'Brien, of Cleveland, leads the National league pitchers, with Welch and Keefe, of New York, next. Clarkson is sixth on the list.

Cleveland has the best fielding average in the league, and Chicago leading in the batting.

The Emeralds are unlucky. But the worst is over. Williamson is a good player, but he should keep his fingers away from his nose.

Joe Morris is the league wonder. Just now. All the clubs have an eye on him.

Monday afternoon—last half of ninth inning—one to tie and two to win—man on second base—two men out and O'Neill with two strikes—deep gloom—a two-base hit, a run, another run—Thistles win—great excitement.

Should the weather prove unfavorable Tuesday, St. John Presbyterian Church Sunday School will go to Lakeside Wednesday.

A pleasant day can be spent at Lakeside with St. John Presbyterian Church Sunday School, Tuesday, 19th. Tickets 50 cents.